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*Man's Unconscious Spirit. The Psychoanalysis of Spiritism.* By WILFRID LAY. N. Y., Dodd, Mead, 1921. Pp. 337.

This is the fourth book of the author on psychoanalysis, and here his thesis is that psychological research is on the wrong track. Mediums refuse to be analyzed "because unconsciously aware of the unconscious deception that they innocently practise." All so-called messages are really from the medium's own unconscious storehouse of memory images. So far as science knows, spirit is nothing. "There is no such thing to be revealed as a force operating from without upon real things with anything more like human intelligence than the swelling of water before it becomes ice." There are no breaks in the universe. "There is a wild attempt to guess out what will please the hearer without any attempt whatever to gain true breadth of wisdom and reality of thought." "Attempts to gain the *imprimatur* of science for the unconscious utterings of second rate minds have resulted only in the impartial and broadminded observer being repelled," etc. Evil messages are the pitiful dejecta of the unconscious of certain individuals. Instead of trying to prove spirits, men should recognize that this effort is only infantile. "The wish for proof is the direct result of the fear of death."

From this point of view all the eleven chapters are written. They are on the stream of consciousness, emotions, psychoanalysis, the unconscious as an urge, mechanism, unconscious emotions and the will, belief before knowledge, knowledge above belief, man's unconscious spirit, scientific investigation, the present status. The author's main thesis is only what almost every really scientific psychologist has long held, and is substantially that set forth by the writer of this note thirty years ago in the early volumes of this *Journal*. There are a number of striking new illustrations in the book, and it is easy and attractive reading, but it contributes little that is new to those familiar with psychoanalysis.

*Getting What We Want.* By DAVID O. EDSON. N. Y., Harper, 1921. Pp. 287.

The twenty-one chapters of this book might have been written as syndicate press-articles, for the author's sprightly style suggests Frank Crane. The sub-title of the book is: How to apply psychoanalysis to your own problems; but there is no wearisome reiteration of familiar Freudian nomenclature, and no effort to bring the interesting cases outlined under the classical rubrics of the analysts. The author's theories are strongly tintured with anthropology, and the contrast between the dark and perhaps hook-nosed thinker and the blond blue-eyed doer is constantly in evidence. Indeed, these differences seem fundamental in the writer's diagnosis and therapy. There are four stages of human development; the archaic, dominated by hunger and love; the auto-erotic, which began with higher apes; the Narcissistic; and finally the social. Everybody wants to be great, but success in life largely depends upon determining the proportion of blond and brunet components in our make-up and regulating life accordingly. It is impossible to epitomize such a book. The analyst's work largely consists in seeing to it that men do not try to plow with a limousine or go on a picnic with a high-powered tractor. The man who inherited great wealth and came to the doctor to be cured of drowsiness is a typical case of the misfit in life of a psychic mechanism. In him every wish had been gratified except the wish to be great and to do something himself, and to this the routine of office life which he had to keep up gave no vent. He therefore took refuge in daydreams full of achievement, and in the summer vacation, when the archaic instinct of the old Vikings in him found expression in his yacht, he never complained of the drowsy feeling.

The *pièce de resistance* in the belated July number of *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis* is an autobiography, with comments by Dr. C. M. Haviland, written by a young man of twenty-three in one of the United States training camps on the eve of his departure for the battle front of France, compiled as a gift to a friend in case the writer failed to return. It breaks off abruptly, apparently in his eighth year, and his intention to bring it up to date in France was always frustrated. He wrote it, or rather he says it wrote itself, under the greatest emotional stress.

One of his earliest and most persistent concepts, when he was about three, was that he was of immense size and lived and moved inside a correspondingly large crystal sphere. He himself was an occultist, and believed this to be a reminiscence of a previous state of existence. Haviland, however, interprets it as a memory of prenatal life in the sphere of the uterus. It is an image "coming from the unconscious and thrown upon the screen of consciousness." To this sphere he was prone to retreat, for here he was absolutely monarch, and apparently he had not outgrown, even at the time of writing, a very vivid memory of it. At the age of four he had a distinct sense of the presence of another child, whom he often imaged as a white-robed guide, who at first directed him entirely in one of his most elaborate structures, *viz.*, the building of a sewer in his imaginary kingdom, later was consulted about everything, and finally slowly faded with years. This presence Haviland interprets as at first a mother-image, which had to be made masculine, and finally became identified with self. The child also developed an apparently purely original language in which he communed with the mysterious presence and also with the many two-inch people with whom he populated a wonderful fairy kingdom. His addiction to this language caused, for a time, the suspicion on the part of his parents that he was abnormal. The fairy kingdom was developed in great detail and had its own king, who was killed by the Crown Prince, himself later conquered and imprisoned in a high tower by an army led by an obscure boy within the province. The queen, whose features and traits were very vividly imaged, enlisted his deep sympathy. The countess, who was represented by a repulsive toad and was the chief mourner, dived from the royal barge and escaped death by swimming under water. This Haviland, we think rather lamely, interprets as a manifestation of the Oedipus complex. He makes no attempt to explain the very elaborate grave-yard in which all dead or dying animals were interred and where even insects were buried *en masse*; nor the persistent propensity to model catlike forms, a girl's pet and expressing his feministic tendencies; nor does he explain the persistent horror of all large animals and even of the barn in which they were kept. We should have welcomed some further statement as to the present state of this most interesting patient, whose childish imagination was so extraordinarily creative, illustrating spontaneous autistic powers quite as remarkable as those of Una Mary, Bashkirtseff, Mary MacLane, George Sand, etc. Analysts tend to explain such phenomena as due to an impulse of retreat toward infantile and even prenatal conditions.

*Outwitting Our Nerves: A Primer of Psychotherapy.* By JOSEPHINE A. JACKSON and HELEN M. SALISBURY. N. Y., The Century Co., 1921. Pp. 403.

To one who is often asked to suggest a lucid and sprightly introduction to psychoanalysis this book is a godsend, for it best serves its purpose, as indeed, since it is the last of a long series, it ought to. The authors have had a long experience in dealing with diseases where there is "nothing to be cut out and nothing to give medicine for." And yet these troubles seem to be more common in the world today than those which are helped by surgery or drugs. In the sixteen chapters here we have not only a clear statement of principles but also many well-chosen illustrative cases and a brief epitome of the theories, methods, and results of psychoanalysis, with hints at its larger culture-significance and the latest contributions to the subject. The literary quality of this book should make it very popular.